

Doman's World

CONDUCTED BY HELENE VALEAU.

CURIOSITY OF COREANS.

"The people of my mission station are all eager to see me," writes a young missionary who has just gone to Korea. "Whether they wish to see me is longer than that of my predecessor, or my beard is longer than his, I do not know. At any rate, they gladly come to see me. A native visitor usually arrives in the afternoon; he prostrates himself before me (to my discomfort, for I cannot become accustomed to see a person bow at my feet), and begins to tell me his personal history. I listen attentively, even to the most unimportant details. Sometimes I ask him to repeat a phrase in order that I may remember it.

I do not hesitate to speak to the children and they always seem to understand me. If they laugh at my mistakes, the pleasure of seeing their little faces light up with mirth, and the glimpse I get of their pretty white teeth make up to me for my discomfort. Moreover, the young Coreans are not so prone to mock at and ridicule their elders as are some of the rising generation in America and Europe.

LAST PENSIONER.

Mrs. Phoebe M. Palmer, eighty-two years old, of Brockfield, N. Y., pensioned by a special act of Congress as the daughter of Jonathan Woolsey, who served in a New Hampshire company, is the only pensioner on account of the Revolutionary war remaining on the rolls, according to a statement made in the annual report of the commissioner of pensions. The last "widow pensioner" of the Revolutionary war was Esther S. Damon at Plymouth Union, Vt., who died on November 12, 1906, at the age of ninety-two years. The last survivor of the Revolutionary war was Daniel E. Johnson, who died at Freedom, Cataraugus county, N. Y., April 5, 1863, and 163 years. The last surviving pensioned soldier of the war of 1812 was Elfrank Cronk, of Ava, N. Y., who died May 12, 1905, aged 195 years. The names of 235 widows of the war of 1812 were on the pension roll June 25 last, according to the pension commissioner.

USE ROLLER SKATES.

That the roller skating race is on in Europe with great enthusiasm is graphically illustrated by the fact that in a garden restaurant in Berlin the waiters serve the patrons on roller skates. The distance between the tables and the source of food and drink supply is considerable, but shod in this manner, the waiters practically constitute a quick service brigade.

HOME-HUNGRY HEARTS.

Home-hungry hearts, oh, where'er they wander, God look on them in pitying tenderness. The deepest ranges of sorrow's book they ponder, And their deepest depths of loneliness, Within their ears, the sound of waters, dancing. By some old mill-wheel, that of old they knew; Before their eyes, a glimpse of aiesis, enraptured. The dear old wood-lot where beechen trees grew. Home-hungry hearts, oh, where'er they wander, May some soft angel voice, in cadence sweet, Whisper of home, a home, awaiting yonder. The weary hand, the travel-bruised feet, With all the vicissitudes, and still, unchanging, Through stress and tumult, under alien skies, Till from its earth-life wearied, onward ranging The soul seeks out its chosen Paradise. —By Lalla Mitchell.

CRIMES OF SPECTACLES.

Spectacles were invented just six hundred years ago. The use of glass to aid the sight of defective eyes is, however, much older. Nero looked ever, much older. Nero looked like a gladiator, and many other historical figures have been dependent upon similar devices for lengthening their life. Till the latter part of the thirteenth century, only the single glass was in use. In the fourteenth century, however, were used quite frequently by the very wealthy and high born, although they were bequeathed in will with all the elaborate care that marked the disposition of a feudal estate. The first spectacles were made in Italy. Somewhat later the manufacture of cheaper glasses sprung up in France and it spread to the fourteenth century to Germany. Nuremberg and Ratisbon acquired fame for their glasses between 1450 and 1500. For many years glasses were used only as a means of aiding bad eyes, until the fashion of wearing them sprang up in Spain. It spread rapidly to the rest of the continent, and brought about the transformation of the thirteenth century spectacles into eyeglasses, and eventually into the spectacle — Exchange.

NEED PITY.

"Heaven pity the boys and girls who have an affected, posing mother, and angels guard the man who has an affected, morbidly pious, affected wife. The world needs plain sensible people, who are too much interested in the actual work they are doing to give much thought to the impression they are making. If you can keep in mind the fact that nothing is so cheap nor so sure an evidence of intelligence as the effort to make a deep impression, perhaps it will help you to drop the silly airs of your mother's generation, and which you may be sure your friends laugh about behind your back. And a word to parents: Give your girls some reason for being. Set them to work so that they will not have so much time to think about themselves and make plans for coquetry, and cutting shallow capers which are often the only interest—pitiful interest—of an empty heart."

CORRESPONDENCE.

The London Globe says: "If one were asked to speculate as to the sovereign whose daily mail bag was the greatest one would hazard the Kaiser. But no. Then most will say it ought to be of the Emperor of Austria. Of a Paris contemporary we learn that the Pope is the recipient of the greatest number of private letters. The mail of His Holiness consists of

Siena, Queen Blanche of France, Isabella of Castile, Mary of Burgundy and others, all worthy successors of the valiant women of the Old Testament, prove most clearly. If Catholic times such could be at every helm of state, it is only reasonable to look into those times for women using their baronial and manorial rights, and is not surprising to find them doing so.

The reporter of the French bill went on to say that the loss of their rights by women comes from the revolution. This changed the stately movement of political action in which a woman could bear herself nobly, into the tumult and confusion, leading to the present, in which no self-respecting woman will care to mingle. Striving and clamoring by opposing candidates for the suffrages of hundreds, even thousands of voters, replaced the dignified claim to the place in public affairs coming to one by an evident title, so well exemplified in the story of Margaret Brent of Maryland, and in this issue of America. Such furious tumults are alien to feminine modesty and delicacy, and so the worthier women withdraw and the thorough and the capable appear on the scene. Taking things in the best, Jeanne, the Maid of Orleans, directing the war from the lofty station to which reverence had raised her, is the type of woman in public life as she should be. Agastina, the Maid of Zaragoza, disheveled and black with smoke and dirt from serving her gun among the artillerymen, is the type of such a woman as she is. Until Christian women can mingle in public affairs under conditions approaching the former rather than the latter, we think they will forgo the advice of Cardinal Gibbons to the young ladies of St. Catherine's normal academy: "Don't run after female suffrage."

Queen Wilhelmina is still more favored with 150 letters, etc. But President Fallières is still more fortunate, for we are told that he receives few letters and hardly any papers.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

Everyone has heard the legend of the robin redbreast—how one of these little birds, flying over Mount Calvary, saw Our Lord hanging upon the cross. His head drooping beneath the crown of thorns. Full of yearning compassion for the sacred sufferer, the robin, forgetting his usual timidity, flew down, and perching lightly on the cruel cross of pain, drew with his beak from the brow of the Savior a thorn that had sunk deep into the flesh. As he did so the blood from the wound splashed the feathers of his breast, and ever since the robin has proudly worn the ruddy badge of honor.

Not less beautiful than this story of how the robin won his crimson breast is that explaining the name and blood-red color of the beak of the crossbill, who is said to have tried to black out the nails from the hands of Christ, as related in a poem by the German Julius Moser, which our own Longfellow has thus translated:

On the Cross the dying Savior
Heavenward lifts His eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In His pierced and bleeding palm.
And, by all the world forsaken,
Sees He how, with zealous care,
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there,
Strained with blood and never tiring,
Black out the nail it doth not cease;
From the Cross 'twould free the Savior.
It's Creator's Son release;
And the Savior speaks in mildness:
"Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear token of this moment
Mark of blood and holy food."
And that bird is called the Crossbill;
Covered all with blood so clear;
In the groves of pines it singeth
Songs like legends strange to hear.

The crossbill is a native of Europe and Asia as well as North America, dwelling chiefly in evergreen forests, and, extending as far north as they do, not dreading the coldest climates.

WHAT THE APOSTLE PAUL SAID.
The other evening the Rev. Mr. Philacter sat down at the tea table with a very thoughtful air, and attended to the wants of his brood in a very abstract manner. Presently he looked up at his wife and said: "The Apostle Paul!"
"Got an awful lump on the head," "sternness," broke in the pastor's eldest son, "playing baseball. But flew out of strike's hands when I was under the bat, and dropped me. Hurt? Golly! And the lad shook his head in dismay, but expressive pantomime, as he tenderly rubbed a lump that looked like a billiard ball with hair on it.
The pastor gravely paused for the interruption, and resumed:
"The Apostle Paul!"
"Saw Mrs. Dash down at Greenbaum's this afternoon," said the eldest daughter, addressing her mother. "She had on the same old everlasting black silk coat, with a diagonal train, over skirt made with a vest of blue silk, and a pair of black tights, dark felt hat, with black velvet facing, and pale-blue flowers. She's going to Chicago."

The good minister waited patiently, and then in tones which were just a shade louder than before, he resumed: "The Apostle Paul!"
"Went in a swimming last night with Henry and Ben, pop, and stepped on a clam shell," exclaimed his youngest son; "and cut my foot so I can't wear my shoe; and, please, can I stay home tomorrow?"
The pastor informed his son that he could stay away from the river, and again essayed his subject of conversation. He said:
"The Apostle Paul says—"

"My teacher is an awful story teller," asserted the second son; "he says that the world is as round as an orange, and it turns round all the time faster than a circus man can ride. I guess he hasn't got much sense."

The mother lifted a warning finger towards the boy, and said, "Sil!" and the father replied:
"The Apostle Paul says—"

"Don't bite off twice as much as you can chew," broke out the eldest son, reproving the assault of his little sister on a piece of cake.
The pastor's face showed just a trifle annoyed as he said in a very firm and decided tone:
"The Apostle Paul says—"

"There's a fly in the butter," cried the youngest hopeful of the family, and a general laugh followed.

"When silence had been restored, the eldest daughter, with an air of curiosity said:
"Well, pa, I really would like to know what the Apostle Paul said."

"Pass the mustard," said the pastor, absently.
Then the committee arose, and a senate went into executive session, and soon after adjourned.

WOMEN IN PUBLIC LIFE.

A measure has been introduced into the French chamber of deputies to give women the right to elect and to be elected to the council of the commune and of the department. The official reporter, commenting favorably on it, pointed out in the middle ages women owning real property took the part in public affairs to which such property entitled them. To our daily press this seemed a discovery so wonderful as to warrant its being telegraphed from Paris; instructed Catholics it is one of the common things of history. The Catholic Church has never ignored the administrative capacity of women, as her great orders and congregations directed by them show abundantly. That it has been degraded them social and political status and influence, the histories of St. Pulcheria, Matilda of Tuscany, St. Hildegard, St. Catherine of

Sienna, Queen Blanche of France, Isabella of Castile, Mary of Burgundy and others, all worthy successors of the valiant women of the Old Testament, prove most clearly. If Catholic times such could be at every helm of state, it is only reasonable to look into those times for women using their baronial and manorial rights, and is not surprising to find them doing so.

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THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY HAS the privilege of beginning its masses at midnight the whole year round; and it was my happiness to see masses in the midnight hour on the altar of the Wise Men.

At the very spot where Our Lord was born and where in all probability He received the homage of the holy kings from the east, Greater privilege than this no man can enjoy, and the memory of it will abide with me till I die.

During the day we visited the Grotto of the Milk. Tradition has it that Our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph fled to this grotto with the Divine Child, when an angel had informed them of the cruel designs of Herod. The Blessed Mother there suckled her precious child and some drops of her virginal milk fell to the ground, giving the chalky stone peculiar efficacy for the mother nursing her infant.

We delayed a moment where stood the house of the faithful shepherds, passed the cistern Bir-Miriam, where, the old legend says, the waters came up to the edge to allow Our Lady to drink; onward through the village and out into the field of Ruth and Boaz, till we reached the Grotto of the Shepherds with its olive trees and its rough stone wall.

The grotto is the crypt of the ancient church built by St. Helena, where the angels sang the songs of joy brought the glad tidings to the shepherds in their night watch:

"Fear not; for behold I bring you tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God and saying: 'Glory to God on high, on earth peace to men of good will.'"

With the sweet song of the angels ringing in our ears we turned our face again toward Jerusalem—"and on earth peace to men of good will."

A TALKING DOG.

Berlin.—The scientific sensation of the hour in Germany is the talking dog Don, a dark brown setter belonging to a royal game keeper named Ebers at Thiershutte, near Hamburg. Don promises to become as celebrated an attraction as the horse Clever Hans, which startled the zoological savants of Europe eight years ago with his alleged mathematical feats.

Karl Hagenback, the world famed animal dealer, has offered Don's master \$2,500 for the privilege of exhibiting the dog in the Hagenback outdoor menagerie at Hamburg. The dog's vocabulary, it is said, already embraces six words.

His alleged elocutionary powers came to light early this week as the result of reports from the United States that Professor Alexander Graham Bell had succeeded in teaching a terrier to speak. It was declared that Germany not only possessed a dog with similar gifts, but a dog which had been talking for five years, in fact ever since he was six months old.

The story was at first considered a joke, but Thiershutte all the week has been the mecca of interested inquirers, who have come away convinced that Don is a genuine canine wonder. His callers included a number of newspaper men, who went to Thiershutte to interview the dog. The gamekeeper, Ebers, affirms that the dog began talking in 1905 without training of any kind. According to him, however, the animal sauntered up one day to the table where the family were eating, and when his master asked, "You want something, don't you?" the dog stupefied the family by replying in a deep masculine tone, "Haben, haben," ("Want, want, want.") and was not a bark or growl, it is declared, but distinct speech, and increased in plainness from day to day as his master took more interest in the dog's newly discovered talent.

Shortly afterward, the story goes, the dog learned to say "Kuchen" when asked what he had. Then he was taught to say "Kuchen" (cakes) and finally "Ja" and "Nein." And it is added that he is now able to string several of these words together in sensible rotation, and will say "Hunger, I want cakes," when an appropriate question is addressed to him.

AN ANECDOTE OF BACH.

The Duke of Saxe-Weimar once invited John Sebastian Bach, the Nestor of German music, to attend a dinner at the palace. Before the guests sat the duke, who was a very good musician, gave an improvisation. The composer seated himself at the harpsichord and straightway forgot all about dinner and everything else. He played so long that at last the duke touched his shoulder and said, "We are very much obliged to you, but we must not let the soup get cold."

Bach sprang to his feet and followed the duke to the dining room without uttering a word. But he was scarcely seated when he sprang up, rushed back to the instrument like a mad dog, and played a few chords and returned to the dining room, evidently feeling much better. "I beg your pardon, your highness," he said, "but you interrupted me in a series of chords and arpeggios on the dominant seventh, and I could not feel at ease until they were resolved into the tonic. It is as if you had snatched a glass of water from the lips of a man dying of thirst. Now I have drunk the glass out and am content."

GENEROUS OFFERINGS.

A gift of \$50,000 has been made to the Catholic University College by Mrs. Honan of that city. Already William O'Brien and his wife had made promise to give their entire fortune of a quarter million dollars to the same institution. The transfer, however, is not to be made until after their death. The College has been established as part of the new National University at Dublin.

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